



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

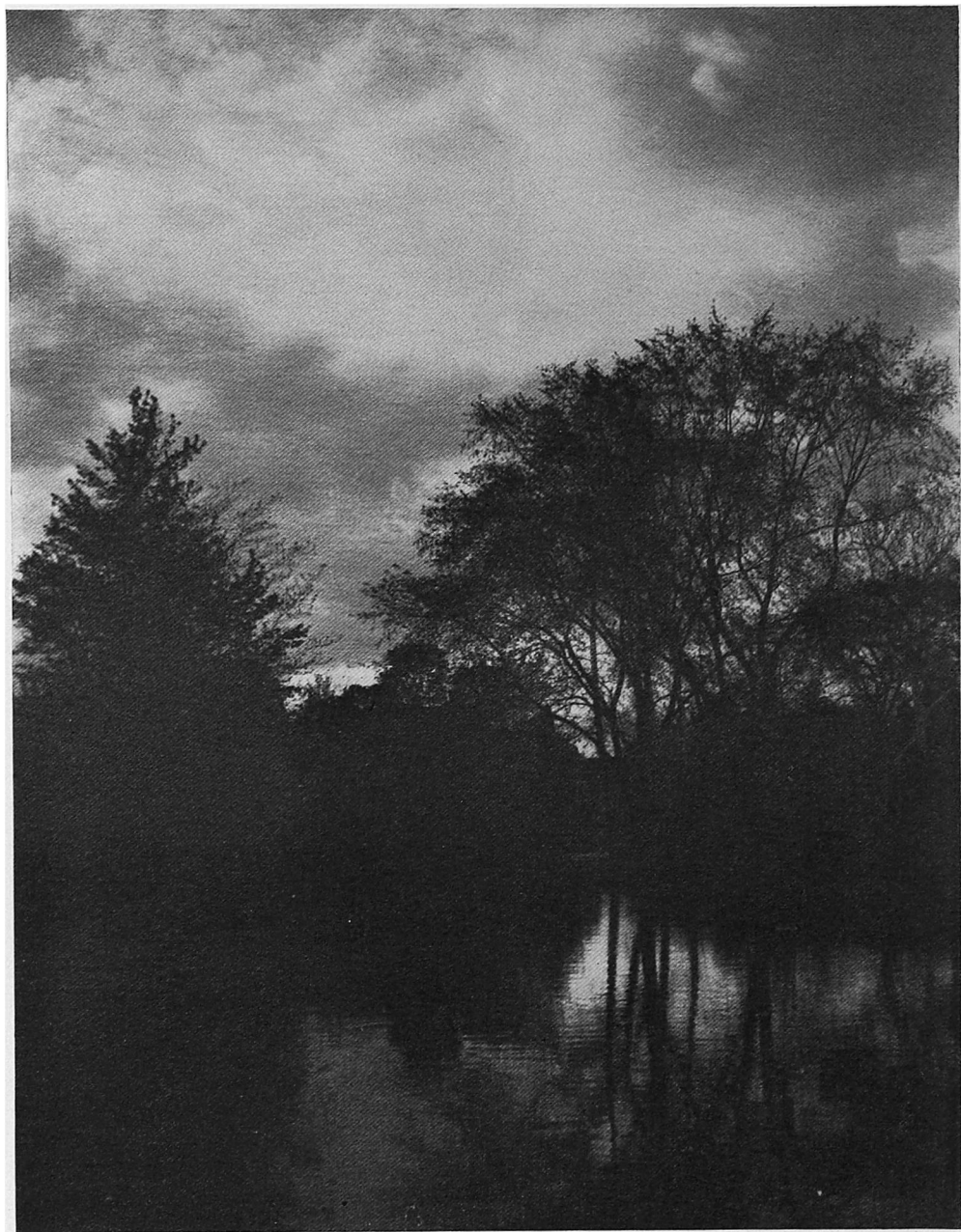
Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



A WATER EFFECT
On the Lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad
(See article, "Sketching from Nature")

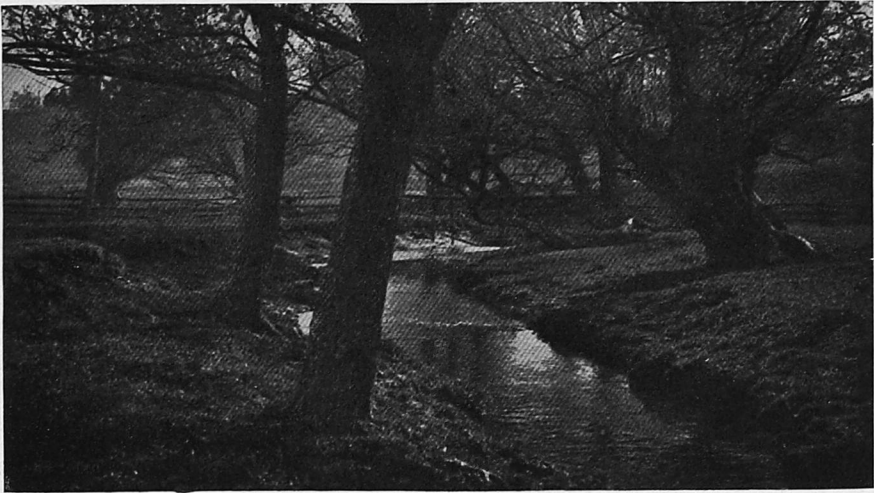




THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING—PHOTOGRAPH
By Herbert Arthur Hess
(See article, "Sketching from Nature")



Early American painters born prior to 1825, who are not represented in the museum collection: John Smybert, Jonathan B. Blackburn, John Singleton Copley, R. Earle, Joseph Wright, Robert Fulton, William Dunlap, E. G. Malbone, Francis Alexander, John Wesley Jarvis, Thomas Sully, Bass Otis, James Frothingham, S. F. B. Morse, Chester Harding, William S. Jewett, John Naegel, George Catlin (Indian painter), N. Joscelyn, Robert W. Weir, Mrs. F. R. Spencer (Mr. Spencer is represented), John Gadsby Chapman, Jerome Thompson, Joseph Ames, Peter F. Rothenmel, Thomas Le Clear, Richard M. Staigg, Richard Caton Woodville, T. Buchanan Read,



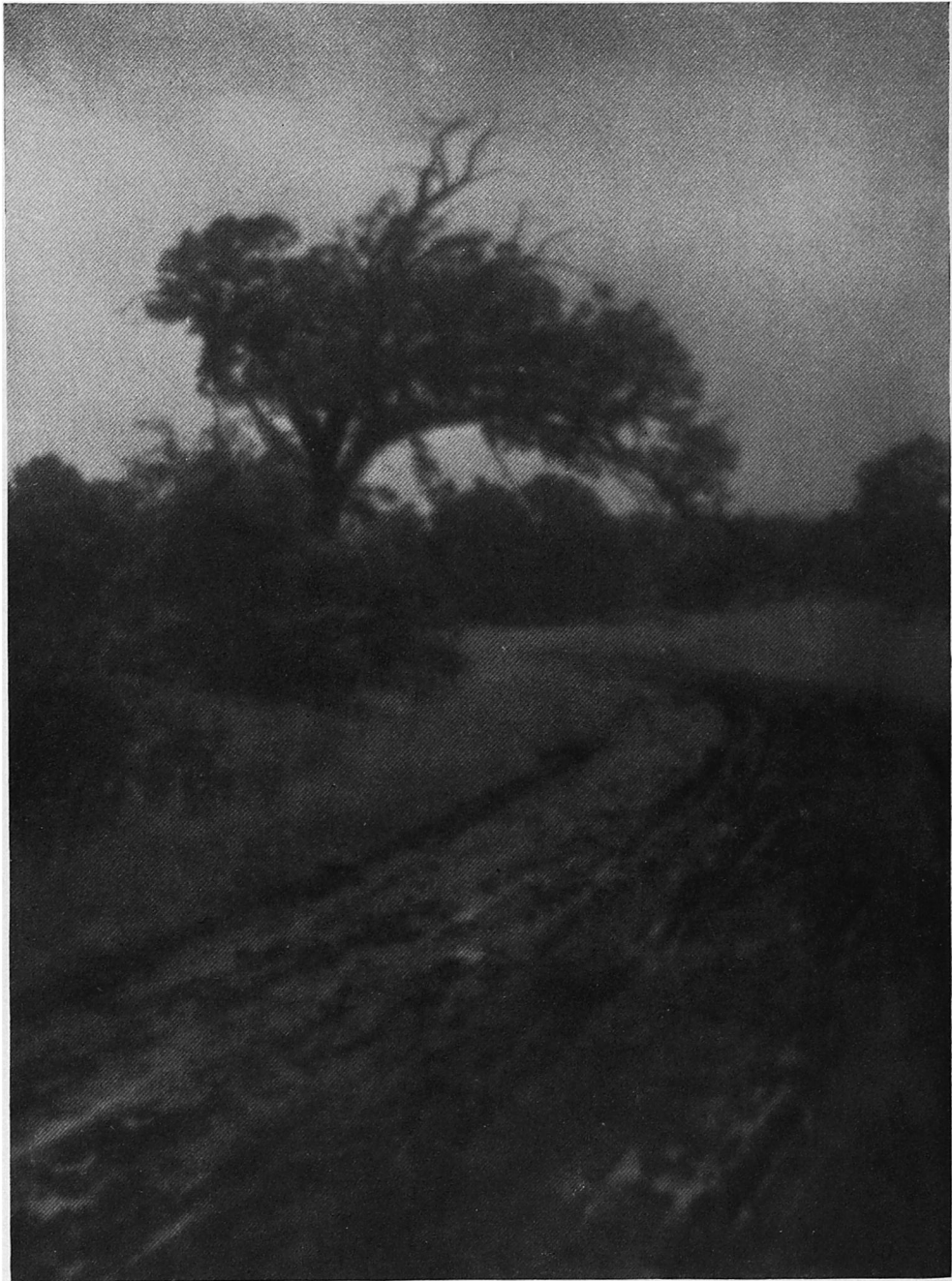
A BROOK IN SPRINGTIME—PHOTOGRAPH
By Robert S. Redfield
(See article, "Sketching from Nature")

F. O. C. Darley, Sanford R. Gifford, Thomas Hicks, Paul Weber, William M. Hunt, Mrs. Jane M. Hunt, and Christian Schussele.

Early American painters born prior to 1825, represented in the collections, but not adequately represented: Gilbert Stuart, Colonel John Trumbull, Rembrandt Peale, Washington Allston, William Page, John Frederick Kensett, George A. Baker, Jasper Francis Cropsey.

Deceased American painters born since 1825, either not represented or inadequately represented: J. Beaufain Irving (none), Frederic E. Church (one picture, "The Ægean Sea"), Jervis McEntee (none), James McDougal Hart (none), J. O. Eaton (none), Edward Moran (none), George Cochran Lambdin (none), William O. Stone (none), Alexander H. Wyant (one), Homer D. Martin (two), Theodore Robinson (none), Archibald Robinson (miniaturist, none).

ABRIDGED FROM OFFICIAL REPORT.



A WET ROAD—EVENING
By Frederick K. Lawrence
(See article, "Sketching from Nature")





AN OFF-SHORE BREEZE
By S. Stockton Hornor

SKETCHING FROM NATURE *

The season is provocative of emigration in art circles. Tyro and veteran alike feel the unrest incident to recurring summer, and make unusual demands on the dealers for paper, canvas, stretchers, pencils, crayons, water-color, oils, portable easels, in fact everything that goes to make up the necessary equipment for an outing of a week or a period of months. The exodus from studio and city is, or will be, almost universal. Some will go for the mere delight of sketching from nature with no intent save pleasure and practice, and some, "with malice aforethought," to lay in the material for a winter's work; some actuated with a sincere desire to commune with the hills and fields, the sunshine and showers, and some with a commercial idea dominant in their minds. Whatever be the motive or the actuating spirit the early fall, when the first frosts prompt a retracing of steps, will likely prove a prolific imparter of surprises. What shall the harvest be?

* The accompanying illustrations are photographic suggestions of themes for artists.



THE POND

By Marshall Wait

To prescribe a proper equipment—tell whose paper is best and where to buy it, what paints are most satisfactory and what colors to select, what easel combines the maximum of convenience with the minimum of burden, and the hundred and one other things that have to be taken into consideration by the country-invading host—would doubtless be a reiteration of what every art-teacher has told his pupils and every mature artist knows from experience. Besides, it is very easy to make mistakes, since an equipment that one sketch artist would deem ideal would prove wholly inadequate to the needs of another. It is better to leave the novice to the tender graces of his teacher—or his dealer—and the veteran to his prejudices and antipathies. A few words as to the spirit animating the sketch artist and the probable results of his enterprise, however, may not be amiss.

Fuseli, according to report, once quaintly told his method of procedure. "First," said he, "I sits myself down, then I works myself up, then I throws in my shades, then I pulls out my lights." That is all there is to it. Fuseli told the whole story, and any one can do as he did. He got good results, and so can any present-day artist. But Fuseli did not bring home bits of actual nature, and it is safe enough to say that not one in ten thousand who forsake their studios this year for a summer outing will do anything more accurate than he did. The fact is that each one will seek nature warped by his teach-



END OF A NOVEMBER DAY
By Frederick K. Lawrence

ings, influenced by his memories, and circumscribed by his habits, character, predilections. It is the camera fiends alone who will approximate nature as she is—the rest will paint her *as they see her*. The sketches brought home will be nature plus or minus something that is due to the artist.

Herein lies the worth of just such summer outings as we are talking about. They break the thralldom of studio practice, they take one to the source of new inspiration, and they color nature with one's own personality, with the result that the artist's portfolio in the fall bears evidence not so much of the scenes he has witnessed and sought to depict as of his individual way of looking at things and of the witchery of color with which by virtue of himself he can invest prosaic objects.

You sits yourself down, you works yourself up, you throws in your shades, and then you pulls out your lights. Your studio mate may sit three feet from you, draw or paint the same scene, and follow exactly the same *modus operandi*, and his picture will not be your picture, will probably not be anything like it. Perhaps you are one of a sketching "bee" of which all the members undertake to depict the same scene in exactly the same way, and the pictures made, except for certain but minor resemblances, will be wholly unlike.

Not a mother's son of you has caught nature—there is no such thing possible. But you have all made more or less charming pictures. You have all had the same model, but you have seen her through your own eyes, and this privilege and practice alone is worth all your time and trouble, all your car-fare and cost of equipment.

The veteran in paints knows all this, and perhaps it is a gratuitous matter to tell him what he has had rubbed into him since the first proud day on which he went out sketching from nature. The novice, however, does not, and it may somewhat surprise him in the fall to find that he has merely been *expressing himself all summer in terms of nature*. But this is just what every great artist has done before him, and every artist who aspires to greatness must do after him. You must *tell yourself* in line and color, and there is no model for your purpose like nature and no practice like sketching from nature. You must work with the expectation of surprises—with the expectation that some one will evince a keener sense of the beautiful than you; that some one will show a more correct idea of proportions; that some one will look at things from a more telling angle; that some one will throw in more spirit or mystery; that some one will see



THE WILLOWS
By S. L. Willard

richer harmonies of color—but after all, you see nature after your own light and impress upon her your own personality. The artist who walls himself in his studio and draws upon imagination for topographical details and color schemes becomes a manufacturer of pictures, not an interpreter of nature. He needs to break his shackles and get out into the fields and woods. The wizard in line and color must be a seer, and every pictorial seer must of necessity be a sketch artist from nature. Every tyro on sketching tours this summer will waste lots of paper and pencils and paint, but if he work earnestly and intelligently—if he works himself up, as old Fuseli said—he will waste little time or energy. *He will throw in his shades and pull out his lights.*

Apropos of one's finding one's self in his art, I may quote a few words spoken ten years ago at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, by John La Farge, than whom no one is more competent to speak of art theories and practices. A painting, he insists, is the concrete expression of a host of memories all of which have to be cultivated and through which an artist expresses his own soul. "When you try to paint a color or a tone that you see out of doors," said he, "you have to draw upon some practice of mixing some colors



SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDACKS
By Earl Deakin

together. Say it is a blue sky—*some* use of blue has been made by you; and you have gone instinctively to the color-box to find the place you have in your memory, the kind of color you have in your memory, the kind of mixture you have in your memory. Not once in a million times do you see a thing painted as if the painter tried that combination of paints for the first time. Usually he has a recipe; he must have one, even if he has to abandon it for a moment.

“Nothing is more ironical, therefore, to any one who has a set palette of certain pigments, than to suppose that he can be abso-



IN SUNNY MAY
By E. M. Blaine

lutely free-minded in the way he reproduces things. It is as if we said: We shall be free in the use of words, and if necessary, put in words of other languages—any which seem nearer, Japanese, Chinese, French, and as these cannot meet all cases, we shall invent them as we go along.

“Of course we do arrange words—combine them, combine their intonations, their sounds, their suggestions, and the memories they suggest, as well as their distinct and limited meanings, and we scramble through with these difficulties.

“As to the painter he does the same, feeling that his intention is the main thing, and trusting, without being conscious of that reliance, to the manner in which we the lookers-on help to make the illusion. The painting has nothing for us but what we can co-ordinate out of our memories. An Ashante negro or the average picture-dealer can-

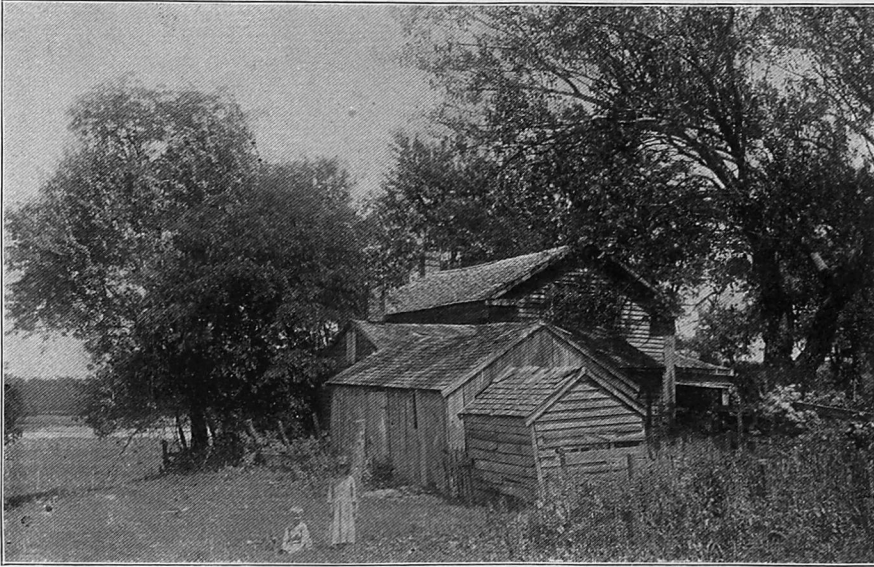


EAGLE'S NEST
Rock River, Oregon, Illinois



not see a painting with the eye of a Rembrandt or a Rousseau, and make as great an illusion for himself. . . .

"When once the artist has summed up in himself the memories of his apprenticeship, the acquired memories of others, and his own—derived from them perhaps, but at any rate added to them—you can try him with the following experiment. Take him to ten different places; set him before ten different scenes; ask him to copy what he sees before him. I say copy, so as to make our task of finding



ABANDONED
Near Oregon, Illinois

him out more easy. All of these so-called copies, which are really representations, will be stamped in some peculiar way, more or less interesting, according to the value of our artist. And you will recognize at once that they are really ten *copies of his manner of looking at the thing* that he copies.

"Suppose again, that you could persuade ten different artists—I am speaking of craftsmen; that is to say, of people who have already the use of their trade—ask, persuade these ten men to copy, as I have called it, the same subject in nature, the same landscape, and you will have ten different landscapes in that you would be able to pick out each one for the way it was done. In short, any person who knew anything about it would realize, as it were, ten different landscapes."

In other words, the essential thing behind a painting is the man

who made it. An artist's best assets are his manner of looking at things, his fund of memories, his persistence in expressing himself in terms of nature. Apart from any consideration, therefore, of its being good practice for the beginner in draftsmanship, etc., sketching from nature is the prerequisite of any mature artist's development. You cannot evolve nature from your inner consciousness. No amount of thought or dreaming can furnish a worthy substitute for the fields and skies, the sun and shade, that may be seen; no studio-fed ambition can rival the inspiration of open-air experience; no theory without facts can equal looking at the real thing in your own way.

Lay in your supply of paints and paper, pencils and brushes, canvases, easels, everything needed, therefore, and make records of country scenes *and yourselves* as long as the weather and your means permit. It is a practice that makes for verity—from your standpoint—and verity, after all, is the essence of great art.*

H. D. MACPHERSON.



SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By Earl Deakin

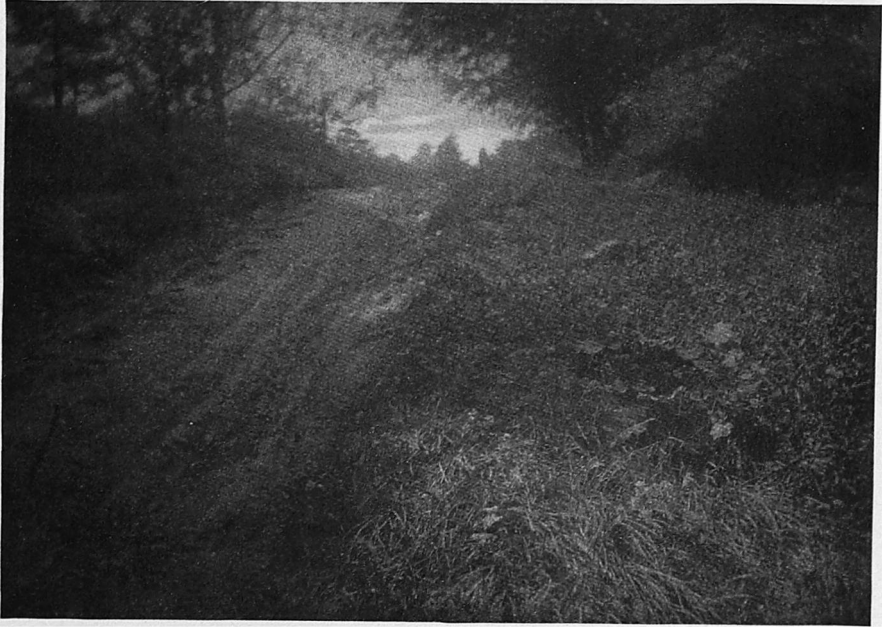
* For other photographic illustrations, see following pages.



IN THE WOODS
By Eva L. Watson

ITEMS FROM THE ART MUSEUM

The institution of the St. Louis Public Museum shows what enlightened effort can do. A few months ago no action had been taken, and there was slight prospect that St. Louis would have an educational establishment of this character. At present there is a regular corporation, solidly organized, having adequate resources, an edifice, and valuable material. The west pavilion of the Museum of Fine Arts in Forest Park has been secured as the home of the museum, and wholly by gift material has been acquired which has a value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This, with the contributions, represents the success realized in only a few months. St. Louis has the nucleus of an excellent general museum. The museum undoubtedly will be permanent, and will gain in size and quality from year to year. As long as it remains a public museum, it will be popular and will fulfill its mission. The officers and directors should deem it their special duty to maintain the institution as one which the public may forever enjoy. Universities, colleges, and schools are entitled to educational privileges; but these they may and should have without reducing the opportunities for instruction and recreation to the general public. Like the Art Palace, the Public Museum will stand as a substantial reminder of the World's Fair.



DEEPENING SHADOWS

By S. L. Willard

✿ J. Pierpont Morgan has approved plans for a huge palace to house his ten-million-dollar collections of art objects, books, and curios in New York. The structure is to occupy the whole block bounded by Madison and Park Avenues, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets. The great project accounts for Mr. Morgan's systematic buying of property in the block. His own residence, it is reported, is to be torn down to make way for the magnificent library and art museum. Stanford White, architect, drew the plans, which were filed recently with the buildings department. They contemplate the greatest private institution of the kind in the country—perhaps in the world. The building will be surrounded with beautiful gardens. The structure is to be in Greek Renaissance style. Buildings, gardens, and the rare objects collected within the marble walls will form a treasure trove for lovers of art and literature. Mr. Morgan has an unsurpassed private collection of antiques, books, and art objects stored in England, and he is trying to get them into the United States duty free so that they may be exhibited for the benefit of the public.

✿ It is stated that Mrs. J. L. Gardner has made provision for the future maintenance of the Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum in the Fenway. A large portion of her estate is to go, at her death, to pay the expenses of maintaining the museum. The provision is said to

be lavish in its generosity. It is reported that some of Mrs. Gardner's friends urged her to allow her collections of works of art to become a part of the Museum of Fine Arts's collections; but we can hardly believe that any one should seriously undertake to persuade her to change a well-matured plan, which is not of recent date. The Gardner Museum will be, what its founder has always intended it to be, a permanent, endowed Boston institution, under the administration of a board of trustees. As long ago as February, 1903, the first conception of the Gardner Museum was due in some degree to the model offered by the Museo Poldi-Pezzoli, in Milan, Italy, which was bequeathed to the City of Milan by Cavalier Poldi-Pezzoli in 1879. Instead of leaving her museum to the City of Boston, Mrs. Gardner has wisely established a corporation, the directors of which will be empowered to carry out her plans, and has provided for the future maintenance of the institution. The Museum of Fine Arts and the Gardner Museum are to be near neighbors, and there will be no more rivalry between them than exists between the Louvre and the Cluny in Paris. As time goes on, it is the intention to make access to the Gardner Museum easier for the public, though certain restrictions will probably always be necessary in the case of a museum of



EVENING
Oregon, Illinois